Of that ſweet way I was in,to diſpaire:
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven Ile hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Caſtle,there Ile pine away,
A King,Woes ſlave,ſhall Kingly Woe obey:
That power I have,diſcharge,and let 'em goe
To eare the Land,that hath ſome hope to grow
For I have none. Let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſaile is but vaine.
Aum. My Liege,one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,
Diſcharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night,to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day. *Exeu.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours,Bullingbrooke,Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are diſpers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meete the King,who lately landed
With ſome few private friends,upon this Coaſt.
Nor. The news is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not farre from hence, hath hid his head.
Yor. It would beſeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To ſay King *Richard*: alacke the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head.
Nor. Your Grace miſtakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I this Title out.
Yor. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene ſo briefe with him,he would
Have beene ſo briefe with you,to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head; your whole heads length.

Bul.

Bul. Miſtake not(Vncle) farth
Yor. Take not (good Coſin) fa
Leaſt you miſtake, the heavens
Bul. I know it (Vncle) and op
Againſt their will.But who cor
Enter Pere
Welcome *Harry*: what, will no
Per. The Caſtle royally is ma
Againſt thy entrance.
Bul. Royally? Why,it contra
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King: King *R*
Within the limits of yond Lime
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, beſides a Cl
Of holy reverence: who, I cann
Nor. Oh,belike it is the Biſho
Bul. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that a
Through Brazen Trumpet ſend t
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thu
Henry Bullingbrooke upon his k
King *Richards* hand,and ſends a
And true fayth of heart to his ro
Even at his feete,to lay my arm
Provided, that my Baniſhment
And Lands reſtor'd againe, be,f
If not,ile uſe th'advantage of m
And lay the ſummers duſt with
Rayn'd from the wounds of ſla
The which,how farre off from th
It is, ſuch Crimſon Tempeſt ſho
The freſh greene Lap of faire Kin
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall
Goe ſignifie as much, while here
Vpon the Graſſie Carpet of this
Let's march without the noyſe o
That from this Caſtels tatter'd B